THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF HYMNS

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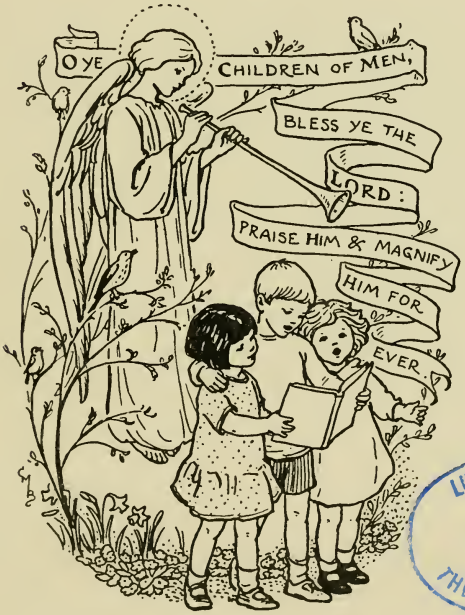
THE CHILDREN'S
BOOK OF HYMNS

Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF HYMNS

With Illustrations by

CICELY M. BARKER



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FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY
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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

The Children's Book of Hymns is the outcome of a wish to provide for the home a collection of hymns worthy to be treasured through life.

The illustrations by Miss Cicely M. Barker, in color and in line, speak for themselves.

The suggestion to issue such a book came from Miss Margaret Weed of Jacksonville, Florida, to whom, with the illustrator and her sister, Miss Dorothy O. Barker, is due the selection of hymns to be included.

To the Memory of

ALICE DORRANCE BANCROFT

In Appreciation of her
Vision and Love of little Children
This book is dedicated

" Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee."

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THE CHILDREN'S
BOOK OF HYMNS

1. All Things Bright and Beautiful

GREYSTONE. (6.7.6.7. D., with refrain.) W. R. WAGHORNE, 1906.

All things bright and beau - ti-ful, All crea - tures great and small,

All things wise and won - der - ful, The Lord God made them all. *Fine.*

The remaining verses begin here.

Each lit - tle flower that o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings,

He made their glow-ing col - ours, He made their ti - ny wings. *D.C.*

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The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky;
All things bright and beautiful, &c.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one;
All things bright and beautiful, &c.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day;
All things bright and beautiful, &c.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.
All things bright and beautiful, &c.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823–95).

How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

2. Above the Clear Blue Sky

CHILDREN'S VOICES. (6666. 4444.)

In moderate time.

EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, 1818-1901.

A - bove the clear blue sky, In hea - ven's bright a - bode,

The an - gel host on high Sing prais - es to their God: Al - le-

lu - ia! They love to sing To God their King, Al - le - lu - ia!

(*Copyright. By permission of A. Weekes & Co., Ltd., London, on behalf of the Executors of the late Dr. E. J. Hopkins.*)

But God from children's tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:
Alleluia!
We too will sing to God our King
Alleluia!

O blessèd Lord, Thy truth
To all Thy flock impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
Alleluia!
Then shall we sing to God our King
Alleluia!

O may Thy holy Word
Spread all the world around!
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound
Alleluia!
All then shall sing to God their King
Alleluia!

John Chandler (1806–76).

3. Fairest Lord Jesus

ST. ELIZABETH. (568. 558.) LEIPZIG, 1842.

Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Ru-ler of all na - ture, O Thou of
God and man the Son; Thee will I cher - ish,
Thee will I hon - our, Thou, my soul's glo-ry, joy and crown.

(*By permission of Dr. David Evans.*)

Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring:
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host:
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Anon.

4. We Plough the Fields

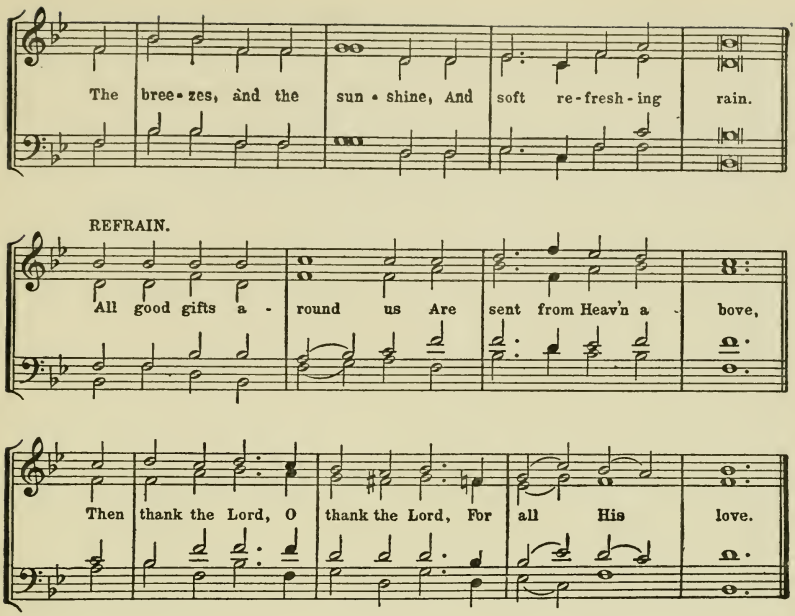
DRESDEN. (76. 76. D. and refrain).

In moderate time. JOHANN ABRAHAM PETER SCHULZ, 1747-1800.

We plough the fields and scat - ter The good seed on the land,

But it is fed and wa - tered By God's al - might - y hand;

He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain,



He only is the Maker
  Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower;
  He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him;
  By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
  He gives our daily bread.
    All good gifts, &c.

We thank Thee then, O Father,
  For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
  Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
  For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
  Our humble, thankful hearts.
    All good gifts, &c.

M. Claudius.
(*Translated by Jane Montgomery Campbell* (1817–78).)

5. Now Thank We All Our God

NUN DANKET. (67. 67. 66. 66.)
Very slow.

JOHANN CRÜGER, 1598-1662.

Now thank we all our God, With heart, and hands, and voi - ces,
Who won-drous things hath done, In Whom His world re - joi - ces;
Who from our mo - ther's arms Hath bless'd us on our way
With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.

Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed;
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reigns
With Them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Martin Rinkart (1586–1649).
(*Translated by Catherine Winkworth* (1829–78).)

6. All People that on Earth do Dwell

OLD 100th. (L.M.) FRENCH PSALTER, 1551.

Slow and dignified.

All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed:
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

William Kethe (*c.* 1593).

7. While Shepherds Watched

WINCHESTER. (C. M.)

ESTE'S PSALTER, 1592.

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground,

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

" Fear not," said he; for mighty dread
  Had seized their troubled mind;
" Glad tidings of great joy I bring
  To you and all mankind.

" To you in David's town this day
  Is born of David's line
A Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
  And this shall be the sign:

" The heavenly Babe you there shall find
  To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
  And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
  Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
  Addressed their joyful song:

" All glory be to God on high,
  And in the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from Heaven to men
  Begin and never cease."

Nahum Tate (1652–1715).

All glory be to God on high,
And in the earth be peace.

8. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

BETHLEHEM. (77. 77. D. and refrain).

In moderate time.

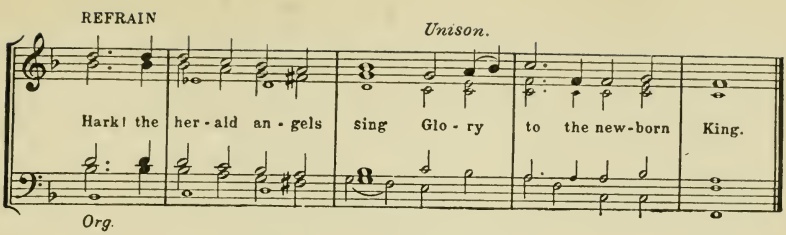
FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1809-47.

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new - born King,

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled.

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;

With the an - gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."



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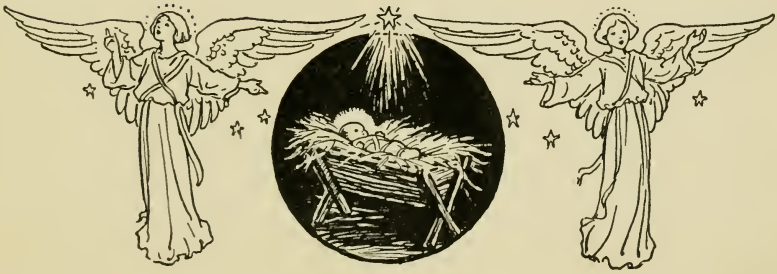
Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
  Hark! the herald angels sing
  Glory to the new-born King.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and Life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
  Hark! the herald angels sing
  Glory to the new-born King.

Charles Wesley (1707–88).



9. O Little Town of Bethlehem

ST. LOUIS. (7. 6. 8. 6. D.) LEWIS H. REDNER, 1868.

O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light; The

hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.

O morning stars, together
  Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
  And peace to men on earth.
For Christ is born of Mary;
  And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
  Their watch of wondering love.

How silently, how silently,
  The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
  The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming;
  But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
  The dear Christ enters in.

Where children pure and happy
  Pray to the blessèd Child,
Where misery cries out to Thee,
  Son of the mother mild;
Where charity stands watching,
  And faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
  And Christmas comes once more.

O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
  Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
  Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
  The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
  Our Lord Emmanuel.

Phillips Brooks (1835–93).

10. Away in a Manger

CRADLE SONG. (11 11. 11 11).

WILLIAM JAMES KIRKPATRICK, 1838-1921.

Moderately slow. *Unison.*

A - way in a man-ger, no crib for a bed, The lit-tle Lord

Je - sus laid down His sweet head. The stars in the bright sky looked

down where He lay, The lit-tle Lord Je-sus a - sleep on the hay.

(*By permission of the Hope Publishing Co.*)

The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky,
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask Thee to stay
Close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven, to live with Thee there.

Anon.

The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

11. Once in Royal David's City

IRBY. (87. 87. 77.)

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT. 1805-76.

In moderate time.

Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,

Where a mo - ther laid her Ba - by In a man-ger for His bed:

Ma - ry was that mother mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.

He came down to earth from heaven
  Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
  And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And, through all His wondrous childhood,
  He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
  In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern;
  Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak and helpless,
  Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
  Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
  Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
  With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
  Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823–95).

12. As with Gladness

DIX. (7 7. 7 7. 7 7.)

CONRAD KOCHER, 1786 - 1872

In moderate time.

As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be - hold;

As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beaming bright;

So, most gracious Lord, may we E - ver - more be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

William Chatterton Dix (1837–98).

As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare.

13. O Come, all ye Faithful

ADESTE FIDELES. (Irr.)
In moderate time.

18th Century

O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-um-phant; O come ye, O come ye to Beth-le-hem; Come and be-hold Him Born, the King of An-gels; O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord.

God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created;
O come, let us adore Him, &c.

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God
In the highest;
O come, let us adore Him, &c.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come. let us adore Him.
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Eighteenth Century.
(*Translated by Frederick Oakeley* (1802–80).)

14. Saw you never in the Twilight

THE WISE MEN. (ADVENT) (8.7.8.7.D.) BERTHOLD TOURS, 1881.

Saw you nev - er, in the twi - light, When the sun had left the skies,

Up in heav'n the clear stars shi-ning Thro' the gloom, like sil - ver eyes?

So of old the wise men, watch-ing, Saw a lit - tle stran-ger star,

And they knew the King was giv - en, And they foll-owed it from far.

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Heard you never of the story
  How they crossed the desert wild,
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,
  Till they found the holy Child?
How they opened all their treasure,
  Kneeling to that infant King;
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
  Gave the myrrh in offering?

Know ye not that lowly baby
  Was the bright and morning Star?
He who came to light the Gentiles,
  And the darkened isles afar?
And we, too, may seek His cradle;
  There our hearts' best treasures bring;
Love, and faith, and true devotion
  For our Saviour, God, and King.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823–95).

15. I Love to Hear the Story

NYLAND. (76. 76. D.)
Moderately slow.

Finnish Hymn Melody.

I love to hear the sto - ry Which an gel voi - ces tell,
How once the King of glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sin - ful; But this I sure - ly know,
The Lord came down to save me Be - cause He loved me so.

I 'm glad my blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And, if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I 'll raise;
And, though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

Emily Huntington Miller (1833–1913).

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me.

16. I Think when I Read

SALAMIS. (Irr.)
In moderate time.

Greek Air.

I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a-mong men, How He called lit-tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then; I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un-to Me."

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And, if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

Jemima Luke (1813–1906).

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17. All Glory, Laud, and Honour

ST. THEODULPH. (76. 76. D.)
Slow and majestic.

MELCHIOR TESCHNER, *c.* 1615.

All glo - ry, laud, and ho - nour To Thee, Re-deem - er, King,

To Whom the lips of chil- - dren Made sweet Ho - san - nas ring!

Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,

Who in the Lord's Name com - est, The King and bless-ed One.

All glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring!
The company of Angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created make reply.

All glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring!
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went,
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

All glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring!
To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.

All glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring!
Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

All glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring!

St. Theodulph of Orleans (*c.* 821).
(*Translated by John Mason Neale* (1818–66).)

18. There is a Green Hill Far Away

HORSLEY. (C M.) WILLIAM HORSLEY, 1774-1858.

In moderate time.

There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a ci - ty wall,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
  What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
  He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
  He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
  Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
  To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
  Of heaven, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!
  And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
  And try His works to do.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823–95).

19. Thou didst leave Thy Throne

MARGARET. (Irr.) TIMOTHY RICHARD MATTHEWS, 1826-1910.

In moderate time.

Thou didst leave Thy throne And Thy king-ly crown When Thou cam-est on earth for me,

But in Beth - le-hem's home Was there found no room For Thy ho - ly Na-tiv - i - ty:

O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus; There is room in my heart for Thee.

(By permission of Novello & Co., Ltd.)

Heaven's arches rang
When the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But of lowly birth
Cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth,
And in great humility:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee.

The foxes found rest,
And the bird its nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod,
O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee;
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Thou camest, O Lord,
With the living word
That should set Thy people free;
But, with mocking scorn,
And with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee.

When heaven's arches ring,
And her choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home,
Saying, " Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee!"
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott (1836–97).

20. Jesus Christ is Risen To-day

WORGAN. (Four 7's with Alleluia.) Altered from *Lyra Davidica*, 1708.

Je-sus Christ is risen to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!

Our tri - umphant ho - ly day, Al - - le - lu - ia!

Who did once up - on the cross, Al - - le - lu - ia!

Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - - le - lu - ia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

But the pains which He endured,
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He 's King
Where the angels ever sing.
Alleluia!

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Alleluia!

Latin, Fourteenth Century.
(Translated by Tate and Brady, 1698. Stanza 4, Charles Wesley.)

. . . Where the angels ever sing, Alleluia!

21. Jesus Lives! Thy Terrors Now

ST. ALBINUS. (78. 78. and Hallelujah.) HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, 1805-76.

In moderate time.

Je - sus lives! thy ter - rors now Can, O Death, no more ap - pal us; Je - sus lives! by this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en - thral us. Al - le - lu - ia!

Jesus lives! henceforth is death
  But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
  When we pass its gloomy portal.
    Alleluia!

Jesus lives! for us He died;
  Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
  Glory to our Saviour giving.
    Alleluia!

Jesus lives! our hearts know well
  Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
  Tear us from His keeping ever.
    Alleluia!

Jesus lives! to Him the throne
  Over all the world is given;
May we go where He is gone,
  Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
    Alleluia!

Christian F. Gellert (1715–69).
(*Translated by Frances Elizabeth Cox* (1812–97).)

22. Golden Harps are Sounding

HERMAS. (65. 65. D. and refrain.) FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836-79.

Brightly.

Gol - den harps are sound-ing, An - gel voi-ces ring, Pear-ly gates are o - pened,

O - pened for the King. Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je-sus, King of Love,

REFRAIN.

Is gone up in tri-umph To His throne a - bove. All His work is en - ded,

Joy - ful-ly we sing: Je-sus hath as - cen-ded! Glo - ry to our King!

He Who came to save us,
  He Who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
  At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
  Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
  Is gone up on high.

Praying for His children,
  In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
  Sending them His grace,
His bright home preparing,
  Faithful ones, for you,
Jesus ever liveth,
  Ever loveth too.

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836–79).

(*Music and words by permission of James Nisbet & Co., Ltd.*)

23. Christ for the World

KIRBY BEDON. (6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.) EDWARD BUNNETT, 1887.

Christ for the world we sing!— The world to Christ we bring, With lov-ing zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and o-ver-borne, Sin-sick and sor-row-worn,— Whom Christ doth heal.

(By permission of The Congregational Union of England and Wales.)

Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.

Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Samuel Wolcott.

Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring.

24. Love Divine

LOVE DIVINE. (8.7.8.7. D.) GEORGE F. LE JEUNE, 1842-1904.

Love di-vine, all loves ex-cell-ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down!

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.

Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;

Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.

(*By permission of The H. W. Gray Company.*)

Come, almighty to deliver,
  Let us all Thy life receive;
Come to us, dear Lord, and never,
  Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be alway blessing;
  Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
  Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation,
  Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see our whole salvation,
  Perfectly secured in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
  Till in heaven we take our place:
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
  Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley (1707–88).

25. Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken

AUSTRIAN HYMN. (87. 87. D.)

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN, 1732-1809.

Moderately slow.

Glor - ious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God.

He whose word can - not be bro - ken Form'd Thee for His own a - bode.

On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?

With Sal-va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

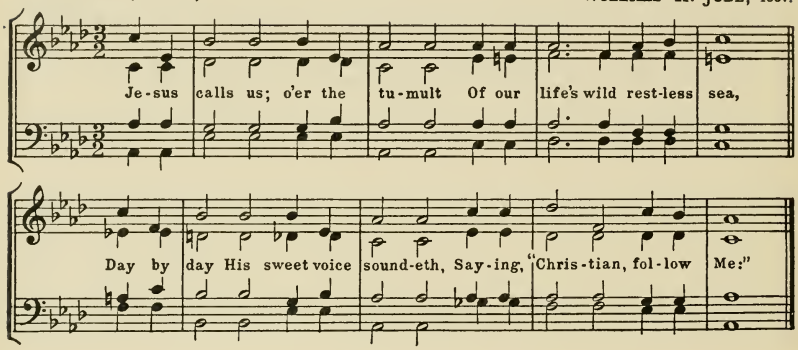
See, the streams of living waters,
  Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
  And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
  Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace, which like the Lord the Giver,
  Never fails from age to age?

Saviour, since of Zion's city
  I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
  I will glory in Thy Name.
Fading is the world's best pleasure,
  All its boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
  None but Zion's children know.

John Newton (1725–1807).

26. Jesus Calls Us; o'er the Tumult

GALILEE. (8. 7. 8. 7.) WILLIAM H. JUDE, 1887.



(*By permission of Reid Bros., Limited*)

As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, " Christian, love Me more ".

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
" That we love Him more than these ".

Jesus calls us; by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823–95).

As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake.

27. God is Working His Purpose Out

BENSON. (Irreg.)

In moderate time ♩ = 84.

M. D. KINGHAM.

vv. 1,5.

God is work-ing His pur-pose out, as year suc-ceeds to year:

vv 2,3,4.

God is work-ing His pur-pose out, and the time is draw-ing near.*

Near-er and near-er draws the time, the time that shall sure-ly be When the

earth shall be filled with the glo-ry of God, as the wa-ters cov-er the sea.

* *For verses* 2 *and* 5.

From utmost east to utmost west, where'er man's foot hath trod,
By the mouth of many messengers goes forth the voice of God;
Give ear to Me, ye continents—ye isles, give ear to Me,
That the earth may be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

What can we do to work God's work, to prosper and increase
The brotherhood of all mankind—the reign of the Prince of Peace?
What can we do to hasten the time—the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea?

March we forth in the strength of God, with the banner of Christ unfurled,
That the light of the glorious Gospel of truth may shine throughout the world:

Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to set their captives free,
That the earth may be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

All we can do is nothing worth, unless God blesses the deed;
Vainly we hope for the harvest-tide, till God gives life to the seed;
Yet nearer and nearer draws the time—the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

Arthur Campbell Ainger (1841–1919).

(*Music and words by permission of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.*)

28. Jesus Bids Us Shine

LUMETTO. (5 5. 6 5. 6 4. 6 4.)

In moderate time.

UNISON.

EDWARD ARTHUR, 1874–

Jesus bids us shine with a pure, clear light, Like a lit-tle candle burning in the night.

In this world is darkness; So let us shine, You in your small corner and I in mine.

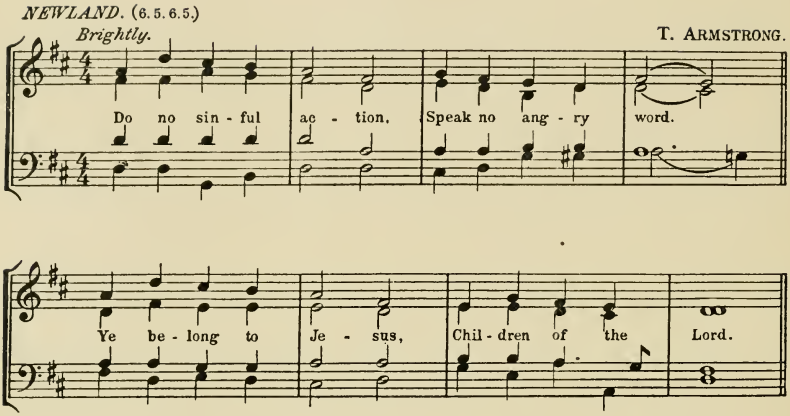
(*From the Revised Church Hymnary. By permission of the Oxford University Press.*)

Jesus bids us shine,
First of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it,
If our light grows dim:
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
Then, for all around;
Many kinds of darkness
In the world are found—
Sin, and want, and sorrow;
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Susan Warner (1819–85).

29. Do No Sinful Action



Christ is kind and gentle,
  Christ is pure and true;
And His little children
  Must be holy too.

There 's a wicked spirit
  Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
  To all harm and ill.

But ye must not hear him,
  Though 't is hard for you
To resist the evil,
  And the good to do.

Christ is your own Master,
  He is good and true,
And His little children
  Must be holy too.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823–95).

30. O Jesus, Thou art Standing

ST. HILDA. (7. 6. 7. 6. D.)

JUSTIN H. KNECHT, 1799.
EDWARD HUSBAND, 1871.

O Je-sus, Thou art stand-ing Out-side the fast-closed door,

In low-ly pa-tience wait-ing To pass the thres-hold o'er:

Shame on us, Christ-ian broth-ers, His name and sign who bear:

O shame, thrice shame up-on us, To keep Him stand-ing there!

O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
" I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow,
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

William Walsham How (1823–97).

31. Hushed was the Evening Hymn

SAMUEL. (66. 66. 88.)

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.

In moderate time.

Hushed was the eve-ning hymn, The tem-ple courts were dark, The lamp was burn-ing dim Be-fore the sa-cred ark, When sud-den-ly a voice Di-vine Rang thro' the si-lence of the shrine.

(By permission of Novello & Co., Ltd.)

The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,
Like Him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates;
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurm'ring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with child-like eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

James Drummond Burns (1823-64).

32. Nearer, My God, to Thee

BETHANY. (6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.) LOWELL MASON, 1856.

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
That 'rais - eth me, Still all my song would be, Near - er, my
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I 'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Near to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I 'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah Flower Adams (1805–48).

33. Fight the Good Fight

PENTECOST. (L.M.) WILLIAM BOYD, 1864.

Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength, and
Christ thy right; Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.

(*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*)

Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811–75).

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God.

34. Onward, Christian Soldiers

ST. GERTRUDE. (65. 65. D. and refrain)

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.

Brightly.

On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers, March-ing as to war,

With the Cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.

Christ, the Roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;

For-ward in-to bat-tle, See, His ban-ners go!

On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers, March-ing as to war,

With the Cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.

(*By permission of Novello & Co., Ltd.*)

At the sign of triumph
  Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
  On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
  At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
  Loud your anthems raise.
    Onward, &c.

Like a mighty army
  Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
  Where the Saints have trod;
We are not divided,
  All one Body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
  One in charity.
    Onward, &c.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
  Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
  Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
  'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
  And that cannot fail.
    Onward, &c.

Onward, then, ye people,
  Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
  In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honour
  Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
  Men and Angels sing.
    Onward, &c.

Sabine Baring-Gould (1834–1924).

(*By permission of A. W. Ridley & Co.*)

35. We are Soldiers of Christ

MILITES. (12. 9. 12. 9.) W. H. MONK, 1823 - 89

We are sol-diers of Christ, who is might-y to save,
And His Ban-ner the Cross is un-furled; We are pledged to be faithful and
stead-fast and brave Against Sa-tan, the flesh, and the world.

(By permission of Miss Florence Monk.)

We are brothers and comrades, we stand side by side,
  And our faith and our hope are the same;
And we think of the Cross on which Jesus has died,
  When we bear the reproach of His Name.

At the font we were marked with the Cross on our brow,
  Of our grace and our calling the sign;
And the weakest is strong to be true to his vow,
  For the armour we wear is divine.

We will watch ready-armed if the Tempter draw near,
  If he come with a frown or a smile;
We will heed not his threats, nor his flattery hear,
  Nor be taken by storm or by wile.

We will master the flesh, and its longings restrain,
  We will not be the bond-slaves of sin,
The pure Spirit of God in our nature shall reign,
  And our spirits their freedom shall win.

Now let each cheer his comrade, let hearts beat as one,
While we follow where Christ leads the way;
'T were dishonour to yield, or the battle to shun,
We will fight, and will watch, and will pray.

Though the warfare be weary, the trial be sore,
In the might of our God we will stand;
Oh! what joy to be crowned and be pure evermore,
In the peace of our own Fatherland.

Thomas Benson Pollock (1836–96).

(*By permission of The Vicar, St. Alban's, Birmingham.*)

36. The King of Love

DOMINUS REGIT ME. (87 87 Iambic.) JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-76.

In moderate time.

The King of Love my Shep-herd is, Whose good - ness fail-eth ne - ver;
I no-thing lack if I am His And He is mine for e - ver.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

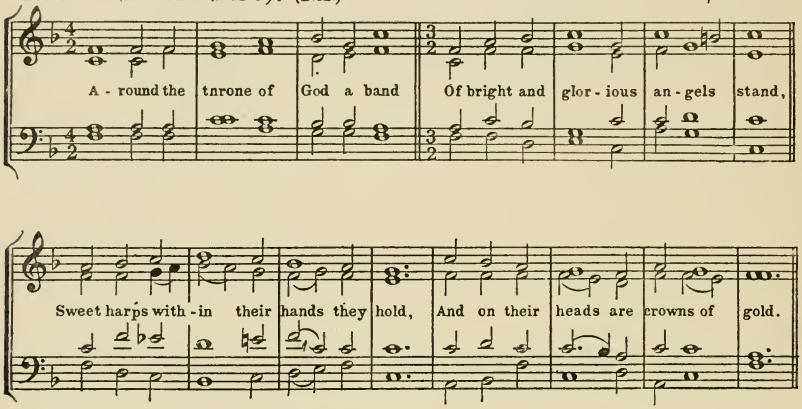
Thou spread'st a Table in my sight;
Thy Unction grace bestoweth:
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure Chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

Henry Williams Baker (1821–77).

37. Around the Throne of God

SONG 34 (ANGELS' SONG). (L.M.) ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1583-1625.



Some wait around Him ready still
To sing His praise and do His will,
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.

Lord, give Thine angels every day
Command to guard us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

So shall no wicked thing draw near
To do us harm, or cause us fear;
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With angels round Thy throne at last.

John Mason Neale (1818–66).

38. Through the Night Thy Angels Kept

HORSHAM. (77. 77) English Traditional Melody.

Slow.

Through the night Thy An - gels kept Watch be-side me while I slept;

Now the dark has passed a - way, Thank Thee, Lord, for this new day.

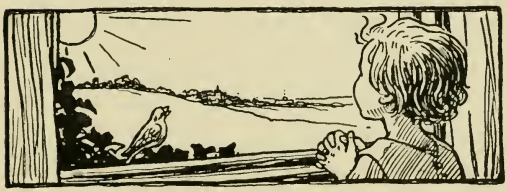
(From the English Hymnal. By permission of the Oxford University Press.)

North and south and east and west
May Thy holy name be blest;
Everywhere beneath the sun,
As in heaven, Thy will be done.

Give me food that I may live;
Every naughtiness forgive;
Keep all evil things away
From Thy little child this day.

William Canton (1845–1926).

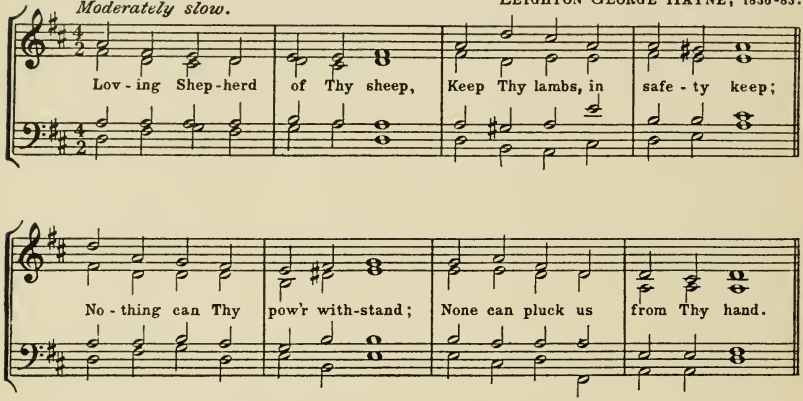
(By permission of Mrs. Canton.)



39. Loving Shepherd of Thy Sheep

BUCKLAND. (77. 77.)
Moderately slow.

LEIGHTON GEORGE HAYNE, 1836-83.



Loving Saviour, Thou didst give
Thine own life that we might live;
And the hands outstretched to bless
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

We would praise Thee every day,
Gladly all Thy will obey,
Like Thy blessèd ones above
Happy in Thy precious love.

Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach Thy lambs Thy voice to hear;
Suffer not our steps to stray
From the straight and narrow way.

Where Thou leadest we would go,
Walking in Thy steps below,
Till before our Father's throne
We shall know as we are known.

Jane Eliza Leeson (1807–82).

Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep.

40. Now the Day is Over

MERRIAL. (6. 5. 6. 5.) JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.

Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh;
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

Sabine Baring-Gould (1834–1924).

(Music and words by permission of A. W. Ridley & Co.)

41. The Day Thou Gavest

French Psalter 1549.

LES COMMANDEMENS DE DIEU. (98.98.) Composed or arranged by LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1510-?.

Moderately slow.

The day Thou gav-est, Lord, is end-ed, The dark-ness falls at Thy be-hest;

To Thee our morn-ing hymns as-cen-ded, Thy praise shall sanc-ti-fy our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy Throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy Kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

John Ellerton (1826–93).

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42. Jesus, Tender Shepherd

BROCKLESBURY. (8. 7. 8. 7.) CHARLOTTE A. BARNARD, 1868.

Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;

Thro' the dark - ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
  And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me;
  Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven;
  Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
  Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Mary Lundie Duncan (1814–40).

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night.

43. Sun of my Soul

HURSLEY (L.M.)

In moderate time.

Katholisches Gesangbuch, Vienna, *c.* 1774.

Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no earth - born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

John Keble (1792–1866).

44. Eternal Father, Strong to Save

MELITA. (88.88.88.)
Moderately slow.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-76.

E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the rest - less wave,
Who bid'st the migh-ty o - cean deep Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.

O Christ, Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

Most Holy Spirit, Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting (1825–78).

45. Praise the Lord! Ye Heav'ns, Adore Him

AUSTRIAN HYMN. (87. 87. D.)
Moderately slow.

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN, 1732-1809.

Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, a - dore Him, Praise Him, an-gels in the height:
Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him, Praise Him, all ye stars and light:
Praise the Lord! for He hath spo - ken, Worlds His migh-ty voice o-beyed;
Laws, which nev - er shall be bro - ken, For their gui - dance He hath made.

Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name!

Foundling Hospital Hymns (1809).

46. Holy, Holy, Holy

NICÆA. (11. 12. 12. 10.)

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-76.

Moderately slow

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and migh - ty;

God in Three Per - sons, Bles - sed Tri - ni - ty!

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
  Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
  Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
  Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy: there is none beside Thee
  Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
  All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty;
  God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity!

Reginald Heber (1783-1826).

47. For all the Saints

SARUM. (10. 10. 10. 4.) JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.

For all the saints who from their la-bours rest, Who Thee by faith be-fore the world con - fessed, Thy Name, O Je - sus, be for ev - er blessed, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might:
Thou, Lord, their Captain, in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light.
Alleluia.

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia.

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia.

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia.

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way.
Alleluia.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia! Amen.

M. Walsham How (1864).

48. Stand up, Stand up, for Jesus

WEBB. (7. 6. 7. 6. D.) GEORGE J. WEBB, 1837.

Stand up, stand up, for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the Cross!

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner! It, must not suf - fer loss:

From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar - my shall He lead;

Till ev - ery foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
  The trumpet call obey!
Forth to the mighty conflict
  In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men now serve Him
  Against unnumbered foes!
Let courage rise with danger,
  And strength to strength oppose.

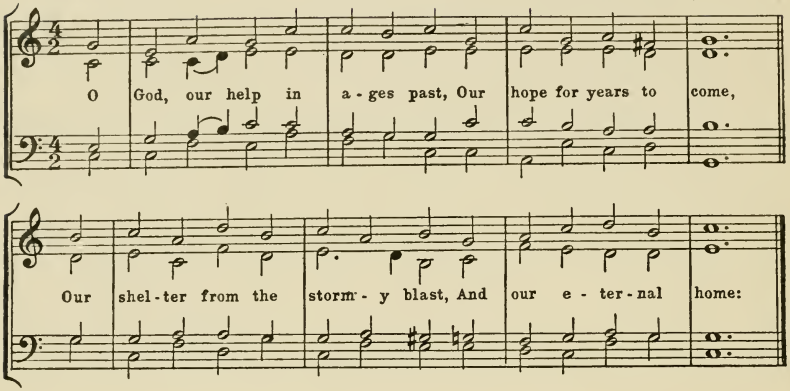
Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
  Stand in His strength alone!
The arm of flesh will fail you,
  Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the Gospel armour,
  And watching unto prayer,
When duty calls, or danger,
  Be never wanting there!

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
  The strife will not be long:
This day, the noise of battle;
  The next, the victor's song.
To Him that overcometh,
  A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
  Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield, Jr. (1858).

49. O God, our Help

ST. ANNE. (C.M.) WILLIAM CROFT, 1678-1727



Under the shadow of Thy throne
  Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
  And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
  Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
  To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
  Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
  Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
  Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
  Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guide while life shall last,
  And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts (1719); *Psalm* 90.

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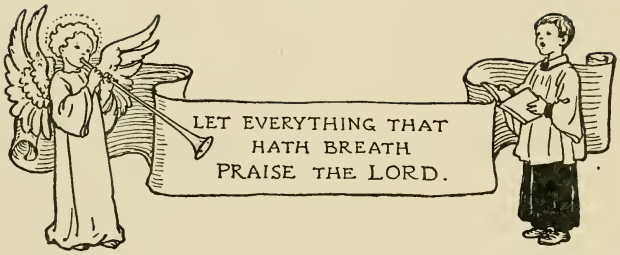

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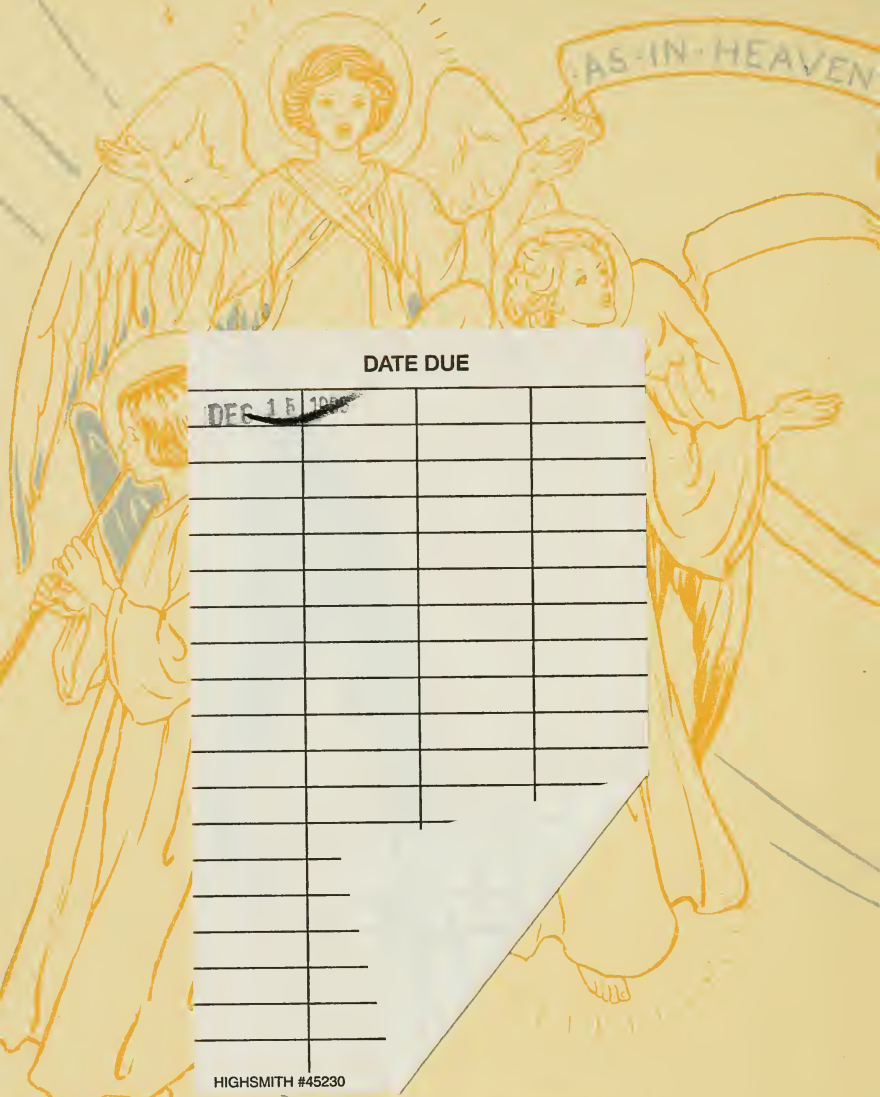

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